They laugh at our play.
And soon they all say
Such such were the joys.
When we all girls & boys.
In our youthful time were seen,
On the Ecchoing Green.
Till the little ones weary
No more can be merry
The sun does descend.
And our sports have an end:
Round the laps of their mothers
Many sisters and brothers
Like birds in their nest.
Are ready for rest:
And sport no more seen.
On the darkening Green.